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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

We first met Mr. & Mrs Frank Hamilton nearly 20 years ago at an Ontario dance camp. Probably they are most widely known and read round dance teachers in the country. At that camp Frank gave some sound advice on how to become better round dancers. I believe that the advice has been used by Frank in one or more of his books published by Sets In Order square dance magazine. The advice could well be for square dancers too. From my notes taken at the time here they are:

1. Keep your mind on the dance.
2. Dance tall and well poised.
3. Keep your head up - eyes level.
4. Glance at your partner while dancing.
5. Keep your legs straight but relaxed.
6. Keep feet and legs close together.
7. Use smooth, light, gliding steps.
8. Strive for smooth, blended motion.
9. Men - lead, but don't make an issue about it.
10. Use free hands and arms gracefully.
11. Joined hands - generally M palm up; W down. In other words offer your hand to the lady.
12. Always thank your partner at the close of the dance - even in mixers.
14. Be conservative in your styling.
15. Have fun - SMILE!

Read them over again and see if you couldn't apply most of them to your own square dancing. It's the little things we do that make us good dancers. It's so easy to pick out the dancers who have been well taught from others who just "picked it up."

Sincerely

Ralph



AN AFTERTHOUGHT

by WAITER MEIER

The wonderful idea and opportunity as suggested by Ralph Page (Take It Or Leave It, Vol. 11, No 5) with regard to advertise and promote square dancing at the 200th anniversary of Independence just three years away, is indeed an opportunity which cannot be duplicated by any other event regardless of importance. A Panorama of Square Dancing to consist of Contras, Quadrilles, Lancers, American Round Dances, Traditional and fundamental Square Dances and right down the line to the modern club-style square dancing is definitely the answer for such an occasion.

But let us take stock of the present situation in square dancing. When it comes to the old-time traditional dancing, lancers, quadrilles, contras, etc., one must admit that these dances are very infrequent and very sparsely scattered around the U.S.A. It may even be very possible that in some regions, dancers and callers have never heard of and have never seen such dancing. In other parts, such dances may have been heard of but the leaders and callers may not have the ability to properly teach nor present them. It is probably not so much a lack of interest but rather a lack of "know-how." However, three years hence is a long time and much can be done to acquire enough knowledge to

produce the basic necessities to perform such dances in public. This is a very plausible and noble thought, but the question is: "Will the leaders take time to learn how to teach these dances, or will they turn their backs on the entire procedure.?"

Such a question cannot be easily answered. But one little ray of hope can be expressed by assuming that some of the leaders WILL be interested in such a program even though they may be small in number. Such leaders may bring the traditional and correctly phrased danceable dances into the foreground and, if luck is with us, it may also be a return to graceful and properly-timed dancing, and, therefore bring an end to the horrible, senseless, unmusical and grotesque rat-race-type of dancing as it is generally done today and which threatens to choke off and smother the very roots of one of the finest, most perceptible and sensible activity.

A lot of research must be done and a lot of work is involved to find correct dances and correct music. You will probably have to dig way down deep into the barrel, but it is worth it. Not only is this worth for the purpose of the celebration and festivities, but it will be more worth for each individual who is not afraid and does not shirk from such tedious an undertaking. Furthermore, the knowledge thus acquired cannot be compared with all the money in the world.

The entire success of such a program depends on whether there is a genuine interest in square dancing, or whether the interest is diverted from square dancing to a monetary exploitation. If the "dollar-sign" is in the eyes of the leaders, then you might well forget the whole procedure, because in the world of today all mankind is enslaved on a miserable pursuit of materialistic gains and, therefore, the very principle, the essence, and the idealistic adherence is lost. In conclusion I would like to quote Fielding: "If you make money your God, it will plague you like the Devil."

POSSESSIVENESS

by PAUL HARTMAN



How often have you heard a caller refer to "my dancers" or "my club(s)"? With slavery having been abolished many years ago, nobody really owns anyone or has a right to such a claim. And the caller who uses this phraseology, betrays not only his own stupidity, but also a deep-seated psychological problem which will cause him many problems, if it has not done so already. As a matter of fact his continued dependence on such expressions will ultimately result in a lot of heartaches and could eventually lead to his demise as a caller and leader.

Virtually no caller is immune to this potential disease; there have been a few, however, who recognized it quickly and took the necessary steps to isolate themselves from it. Most callers, however, succumb to it and eventually have to engage in a rather stiff fight to keep warding it off successfully. With a great many callers, it remains as a continuous threat, just like alcohol for the alcoholic. And many - far too many - callers never do rid themselves of it.

The beginning of the callers' illness known as Possessiveness is traceable to the very, very beginning of his entry into calling. Usually callers begin their career in front of the mike by teaching a small class of beginner dancers. More often than not the initial group is composed of the caller's non-dancing friends whom he has managed in one way or another to cajole into learning to square dance from his instructions.



Some people in this newly formed beginners' class will also be very close non-dancing friends of square dancers who, in turn, are unusually close friends of the budding caller. As a result of these relationships a great esprit develops in the group and our new caller quite naturally feels very, very close to the members of this informal group.

More often than not, this group - frequently at the caller's instigation - will form into a club upon completion of their lessons. Shortly thereafter, the members of the new club will in turn manage to persuade their non-dancing friends to get into a new beginners class which will be taught by the new caller and which will, undoubtedly, help to swell the ranks of the new club.

It is no wonder then, that our new caller becomes infested with possessiveness concerning his brood. He also falls prey to another very human feeling: pride. The mix of the two can be simply devastating. The group becomes "my club," although there is a club constitution and every member pays dues, has a vote and elects duly constituted officers who run the club.

The dancers become "my dancers" and woe to another caller who as much as smiles at one of them. But what makes things even worse, is the fact that our new caller tells "his (or her)" new dancers very little about the extent of the local square dance movement. (In some instances, the new caller does tell "his" new dancers about square dancing and even encourages them to go to another caller's dance). But he quickly does a complete

turn-about when "his" dancers come back and praise the abilities of the other caller to whom they have danced.



Like cancer, this disease spreads and becomes fatal. But fortunately there is a cure for this problem. Our new caller must remember some very basic things about people. First of all he must never forget that the square dancer - no matter how long he (or she) has been dancing, and no matter how good a dancer he (or she) might be - will never forget the caller who taught them, will always have a very fond place in his heart for the fellow who taught him, and will leave the fold very, very reluctantly.

As a matter of fact, it will usually be the fault of the possessive caller when the dancer leaves his teacher. In a social activity most people resent being directed where to go and where not to go even though the dictating may be veiled and couched in all sorts of attractive terms. And the sin of sins is not to tell new dancers about the square dance movement in its entirety both from a national as well as a local standpoint.

The best thing the new caller can do is to resolve himself to the fact, that he owns nobody and nothing in square dancing, and that sooner or later the dancers whom he has taught will leave him and his calling.

This departure does not stem from a lack of liking for the caller. Rather, the new dancers have heard the teacher call for him for countless weeks until his calling holds no challenge for him anymore. To put it bluntly, he has had that callers voice mannerisms, and style ad-nauseum. Other callers whom the new dancer hears, naturally, do things differently. And therein lies the challenge for our new dancers.

Our new caller faces another problem as well. Being a novice, he has much to learn about his new hobby. Obviously he will not be as good a caller as many others, both locally as well as nationally. But he can improve. And the way to improve is by working at his calling. To become bitter and disillusioned when some dancers leave him, is to commit suicide at a tender age. To engage in throwing verbal barbs at other callers and to develop animisities toward them is to use the rubber glove cure for a leaky fountain pen. The real answer lies in sheer hard work in improving the ability to call.

The new caller must never forget that, in the final analysis, the only thing that attracts dancers to a caller is his calling ability. No manner of false attention, party nights, free dances, etc. will cause a dancer to leave one caller for another. These extraneous and ephemeral trappings will, on occasion, enhance a dance and result in favorable comments from dancers, but nothing will draw a dancer to a caller quicker than the enthusiastic and honest comment: "Boy, he is the best caller I have ever heard."

from Mike & Monitor



It is often a case that the person who is said to drive like an idiot is just doing what comes naturally. Often the person who asks a question isn't seeking information - he's trying to start an argument.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue is always looking for men who have what it takes.

Another reason for juvenile delinquency is because the woodshed is now a three-car garage.

If a man gets mad at you for differing with him, you have stepped on one of his pet prejudices.



ALIVE AND

KICKING

by MARY FERGUSON

It's the same music they've been playing in the hills of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina for over two hundred years. It's the music which inspired the free-spirited mountain clog, a bouncy, energetic, foot-stomping danced and practiced gleefully by hill folks.

Mountain music - the work, love, epic and hardship songs of the Appalachian people - is very much alive. It is being perpetuated; elderly Appalachian residents are handing it down to an enthusiastic group of young people.

Older Appalachians gather at festivals and fairs with their homemade fiddles (never referred to as "violins"), banjos, dulcimers, guitars and autoharps. The very lederly play and sing tunes their grandparents taught them. The young ones, often strumming along on "store-bought" instruments, beg to hear favorites. They are carefully memorizing these songs so that they will not be forgotten and die.

One of the centers of this bustling musical activity is tiny Ivydale, in West Virginia, a hamlet in Clay County which boasts a population of 225, more or less.

Two young men who live there, Dave and John Morris, are becoming well known as folk experts, both within Appalachia and at various colleges and theaters from New York City to San Francisco. They have performed at clubs and fairs around the country as The Morris Brothers.

At a young age the boys learned some mountain songs from Granny Hill. Their parents, Dallas and Anna Morris, played stringed instruments, as do nearly all Ivydale people. As the boys grew older, they realized the importance of keeping alive the wonderful old songs which tell of the railroads' heyday, early life in the coal fields, the emotions of freed slaves and love, jealousy and hate among the unyielding mountain people.



One of the wonderful and popular hill songs, "Jack of Diamonds", is a lusty barroom tale of drinking and gambling and the evils which ensue from such pursuits. "John Henry", one of the songs the boys' grandmother taught them, tells of the legendary folk hero's part in pushing the mighty railroad across the country, particularly of his exploits in helping to build the Big Bend Tunnel near Hinton, West Virginia.

Probably the earliest ballad learned by the Morris and other mountain children is "Barbara Allen." This love story is taught in music classes of public grade schools now. A ballad which typically celebrates the natural beauty of the West Virginia countryside is "The Maple On the Hill." Nonsense songs are also popular with children, especially animal songs like "Frog A Courting."

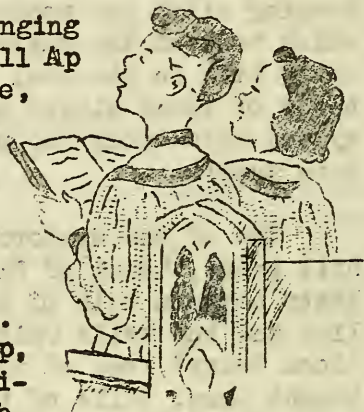
Songs of the black man - early slave tunes and hopeful songs which tell of the promised land - are a vital part of Appalachian folk music. Black musicians attending fairs and festivals bring with them such wonderful melodies as "No Hiding Place" and "When the

Steamboat Whistle Blows." Closely related are such blues songs as "Rattlesnake Daddy" and "Early Mornin' Blues." "Guitar Rag is an exercise in guitar dexterity which is heard at many a light-hearted entertainment.

Parlor songs such as "Yaller Cat" and "Took My Gal To A Fancy Ball" are sung today by elderly ladies who remember gathering around in the parlor after supper for family singing. That's how the songs preserved today were passed along: through family singing, and by slaves singing to each other and from singing during church services.

The Morris boys grew up singing more serious songs too, as do all Appalachian youngsters. The simple, steadfast religion which is the backbone of Mountain existence is exemplified in such songs as "I Am A Pilgrim" and "Saviour Standing At the Door." All Morris Family Festivals today end with an evening of hymn singing. For when the Morris boys grew up, they established the Morris Family Old Time Music Festival. With their parents, they had learned

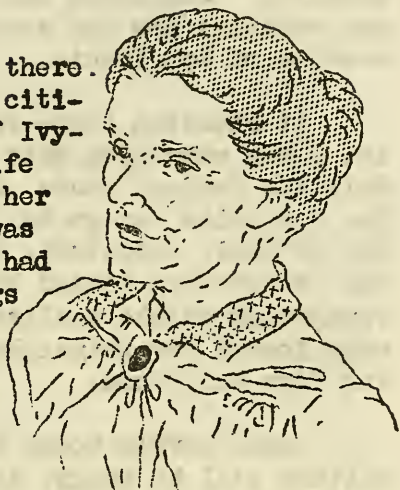
how to improvise on fiddles made of sassafras wood, how to pluck and strum the autoharp, dulcimer and guitar. In 1968 they gathered together their elderly neighbors, and they brought in friends from all around Appalachia: people like black singer-guitarist John Jackson of Fairfax Station, Virginia, an expert on early Negro Blues; the Owens family of Mt. Airy, North Carolina; General Custer Nichols, a former Clay County resident who was given the name "General Custer" at birth; and Trina Milefsky of Ohio.



For three days hordes of young people flocked to see and hear these authentic performers. Many camped out on Dallas Morris' level farmland. They delighted in "John Henry," "The Wreck of the Old 97," "Cumberland Gap," and other favorites. The event was so popular

that it has been held every year since that first summer four years ago.

But the Morrisses didn't stop there. The brothers went to elderly citizens like Aunt Minnie Moss of Ivydale, who had sung all her life the songs she had learned at her grandma's knee. Aunt Minnie was getting up in years, and she had never written any of the songs down. So they talked her into writing down all the ones she knew in a big black book before she was too old to remember all the verses.



Now, at all the festivals, she sings a cappella, with the big book laid across her lap. She sings in a voice typical of the mountain people. Not a pretty voice to some, maybe - a voice raspy with all her hard work, a strong and sure voice, never faltering through verse after verse of the precious songs.

Another project the Morris brothers undertook, was simply packing some of the better known performers off to sing and play at benefits, fairs and college events. It was another way of reaching and teaching young people with an authentic product.

And it worked. In early January the Rockefeller Foundation announced a grant to John and Dave Morris of more than \$20,000. They will use this money to establish minifestivals around West Virginia to preserve the Appalachian folk songs and pass them along to others.

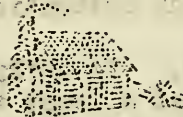
There have been others who have generated interest in other parts of West Virginia. Marie Boette of Parkersburg spent years compiling a book entitled "Singa GipseY Doodle and Other Folk Songs of Appalachia." In her book, Dr. Boette not only includes all the lyrics

and music of the songs but, more importantly, gives several paragraphs tracing how each song came into her possession. She names the donor, tells where he is from and explains how the song was handed down in a certain section of Appalachia.

At Pipestem State Park near Princeton, West Virginia, a man named Don West founded the Appalachia South Folklife Center, where disadvantaged young people from the mountains can go to study the arts, crafts and music of their ancestors. West's foremost philosophy (and the motivation behind the school) is that Appalachian youngsters should realize that their ancestors have always fought for principles and have a history of standing firm and proud.

Dave Morris hopes that some day Appalachian folk culture will be taught in the public schools. He sums up his pride in the rich mountain heritage by saying, "We must get away from the idea that Appalachian music, dance and speech are something bad which should be forgotten."

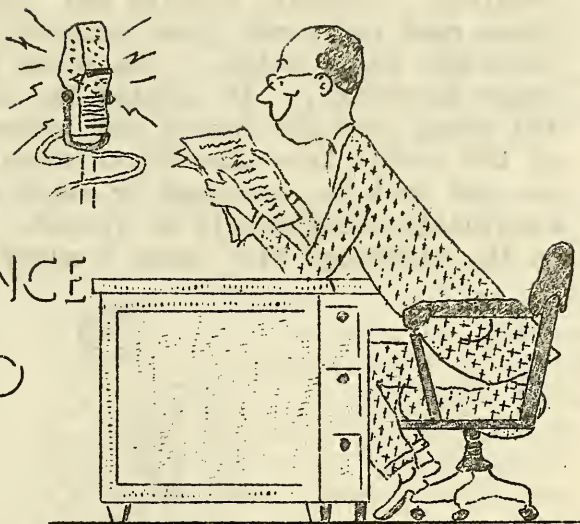
The mountain people have always had a gift for composing folk songs or improvising on old ballads they brought to the new land with them. Young people today value this part of their cultural heritage and are determined not to let it disappear. They mean to keep Appalachian music alive and kicking!



Middle age is when you want to see how long your car will last instead of how fast it will go. Nothing is quite so annoying as to have someone go right on talking when you're interrupting.

If you tell a man there are 300 billion stars in the universe, he'll believe you. But if you tell that a bench has just been painted, he has to touch it to be sure.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD SOUND



by CHARLIE CAPON

Sound is the sole responsibility of the caller, or is it? As dancers, we can properly expect the caller to provide a sound system capable of good reproduction and with adequate power. We can also expect the caller to maintain his equipment in good working order and to understand how to get the best possible output. However, dancers also have a responsibility for sound quality.

Dancers usually select the hall. There are some halls that are extremely difficult, if not impossible, to sound so that all can hear. Don't blame your caller if you, or your officers, have selected a hall with poor accoustics.

Poor equipment, good equipment which has deteriorated or good equipment which is not used properly can only produce poor sound. The microphone is the starting point. If it doesn't pick up the caller's voice properly or picks up too much background noise, the best amplifier and speakers are wasted, for the dancer will never hear. A good quality crystal or dynamic microphone is a must. Then it must be protected from shocks, dirt and, if crystal, from extremes of heat and cold. The

constant twisting, turning and pulling on the microphone cord can cause loose connections which results in scratchy, raspy noise. The other input device is the phono cartridge. It carries the needle which picks up the sound from the record and converts the vibrations of the needle into electrical waves. Needles wear with use and must be replaced or sound will deteriorate and eventually records will be ruined. Dirt accumulations on the cartridge will cause a mushy sound in the music,



In order to insure proper speed for the dancers, a variable speed turntable is essential as is the proper isolation from floor vibration. Most modern equipment has good built-in shock mounts: however, in some halls it may be necessary to set the equipment on a foam pad to prevent needle jump. Modern amplifiers require a minimum of maintenance. Proper adjustment of controls is essential and many times must be varied from record to record. Volume controls should be set so the music can be heard clearly with the voice coming through above the music without drowning it out. Treble and bass controls, properly adjusted, will prevent the mushy sound of too much bass, or the nasal and harsh sound of too much treble. The caller with the most expensive equipment may not be the best caller. Such equipment will only make poor calling habits more noticeable.

Speakers must be phased the same so that all are pushing and pulling together and properly connected to prevent mismatching. The biggest problem with speakers is their placement. There is no absolute answer to the

problem as no two halls are exactly alike. The only answer is experimentation. When sounding a new hall plenty of time is required to try various combinations of location and height. The dancers can help by telling the caller where the good and bad spots are located.

Assuming the best possible equipment, in good operating condition and properly adjusted, the sound may not be good. With good clean sound coming from the speakers the sound reaching the dancers may not be clear. When a sound wave strikes a hard surface, it bounces off in a new direction. When the same sound reaches the dancer direct from the speaker, a little later after bouncing off one wall, then a little later after bouncing off two walls it becomes fuzzy and hard to hear. With enough power and enough bounce, words become completely unintelligible. The best answer to this problem is to get a better hall where the walls have a softer surface and thus absorb the sound. Where this is not possible, hanging soft material on the walls will help. Reducing the sound level can also reduce the bounce. Increased volume is the worst answer to acoustic problems. Here again the dancers must cooperate when acoustics are bad by saving their whoops and hollers until the end of the tip.

from the Memphis Caller



A good boss is a guy who takes a little more than his share of the blame and a little less than his share of the credit.

You never get a second chance to make a good impression.

People can be divided into three groups: those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who wonder what happened.



EDDIE FONTAINE

FIDDLE MAKER

by YVES DUMONT

The short, stocky figure of the old man moves across the lawn to the porch slowly, on his game leg. Rheumatism. He uses a cane, grasped at the handle with thick, blunt fingers. Fingers you might expect to see gripping an ax; not the fingers you'd take to belong to an old-time country fiddler who makes his own violins.

His face is square and sturdy, the features ruddy. His relaxed expression is calmly pleasant, but in conversation, it takes on a sharper intentness; he is a little hard of hearing. Eddie does not want to burden anyone with his deficiency. Sometimes he will ask you to repeat yourself. Mostly he lets his sharp mind fill in what his ears miss.

Born Edouard Fontaine in Quebec, November 18, 1902 Eddie has been in the United States since he was 16. "I was young then, I liked to roam around." A couple of lumberjacks he knew were coming to the U.S. and asked him if he wanted to come along. "I said okay, and off we went. I hopped on a train with them and ended up in Vermont." For the next two decades Eddie made his way around New England working in mills and factories.

"Same as I told you before, I like to roam around."

The last thirty-five years (years which have not put a Yankee edge on the softer French tones of Eddie's voice) have been spent in Temple, Maine. Temple is a small community stretched along an intervale beneath Mount Blus, six miles from Farmington. Temple's population was about four hundred when Eddie arrived; at one point it shrunk to half that, but Temple has begun to swell again with newcomers in the last five years. His work there has been varied. He has worked in the paper mill in Rumford, as a cook, a rough carpenter, an odd-jobber and handy man, but mostly in the woods. "No matter what I done, I always went back to the woods."



Eddie has other skills which are becoming as obsolete as ax handling. He is amongst the few craftsmen left who knows the old secret of how to stone up a well, or point the stonework (replace the mortar) of a cellar wall, or graft an apple tree. He is also a good rough carpenter and has built several houses and parts of houses and cabins. Lately he has been building book cases, rose trellises and carving handles, but he is proudest of the violins he has made. He made five of them this last winter.

Music has always been an important part of his life. His father was a fiddler, and all of his many sons and daughters picked it up "but none of us was as good as him," Eddie said.

In the corner of his workshop, Eddie has a radio, and a record player with a cherished collection of records by his favorite fiddle player, Don Messer. He listens and sometimes plays along with the tune. Like his father, Eddie does not read music and has learned everything by ear. He plays old tunes his father played and things he has picked up from records.

... This winter Eddie "happened to make a fiddle I like awful well and that handles awful easy." he said. "That one's not for sale whatsoever. It'd take a good lot of money to get it away from me. That one comes easy, it falls in your hands."

He played the instrument to his wife Nellie's piano accompaniment. She "plays chords", pounding them out while Eddie plays the tune. His touch is light; it is surprising how easily and gently his blunt heavy fingers give tune to the strings.



He sat on a high stool (to save bending down and standing up) and tuned up. He has been known to prepare to play by asking Nellie, "What gear are we in?" She announced the key, and proceeded to handle the accompaniment with aplomb. Periodically she catches your eye, nodding to indicate that she is satisfied with herself, the music, and your appreciation of it.

They used to play together at what Eddie calls "kitchen breakdowns" - when people would "push aside the kitchen table, put the chairs against the wall and dance in the middle of the floor."

"Now you don't see that anymore. The younger people all like rock and roll. That's not for me," Eddie said. He used to dance when he was younger, but can't any more because of his leg, "Can't drag it fast enough." But he is still a steady and sure-handed craftsman, working in his own improvised way on the fiddles.

Basically, he learned the art by watching others do it. In 1920 he stayed in a boarding house in New Hampshire "where a fellow did it for a living." And his brother made fiddles. Eddie watched him. "So I decided I could do it too," he said.

Most of the carving is done with a jack-knife; the fine finish scraping with a piece of broken glass. He made a gouge with which he shapes the top and bottom of the instrument (the curves are carved out of about a two-inch piece of wood. The gouge is actually the tip of an old file which Eddie has heated, shaped and tempered so that it suits his needs.

"Anything that I need for tools I make myself," he said. His first violin was carved with a tool he fashioned from a table knife. The pieces were glued together and held in place with homemade clamps.

He buys the blackwood pieces (fingerboards, pegs, tail-piece) and a good set of strings from a local music store - it costs him about \$20 to outfit each instrument. The rest of the wood is carefully chosen and seasoned pieces that Eddie takes from the local woods.

He sold three of the instruments; the one he had left had a smooth-grained spruce top, with maple sides and a distinct and beautiful stripe pattern in the rock maple bottom

Eddie's home-made resourcefulness extends to the stain he uses to emphasize the warm golden tones in the wood. He applies burnt-sugar syrup to the instrument before finishing it with plain varnish.

This ability to get along with what's at hand, and the intelligence to appreciate the materials he works with, is what makes Eddie Fontaine valuable to his friends and neighbors in Temple.

<<->>

A man rarely succeeds at anything unless he has fun doing it.

The goal of criticism is to leave the person with the feeling that he's been helped.

Temper is what gets most of us into trouble. Pride is what keeps us there.



"PLAY-PARTIES"

IN THE OZARKS

by SALLY MORRIS

This evening while watching a current variety show on T.V. a number of scantily clad males and females came onto the screen, jumping about, twisting and contorting their bodies, plunging and lunging, all more or less to the rhythm of the distressingly loud and blatant "music". The dancing of the seventies!

The program recalled another scene - a scene of yesteryear. During our 'teen years, we four girls spent some time in the Ozarks of Missouri. Aside from church, prayer meetings and singing schools, there was little diversion for young people.

Back on the Nebraska plains we had accepted dancing as a part of youthful good times. Not so in the Ozarks. "Nice" girls did not go cavorting around to the beat of music, well, at least not to instrumental music. To step about in time to singing was a little different, though still rather frowned upon by the older generation.

But they did admit that the human voice was intended to "make a joyful voice unto the Lord," and while singing "play party songs" could not really be called singing unto the Lord, at least the young folks were not stepping or gliding around to the strains of that devil-inspired instrument - the fiddle.



And so we girls were reluctantly allowed to go to "play parties," and even on two or three occasions, entertain the young people of our crowd in our own big living room. Once we even played on the side lawn, as could be testified to by the bare ring worn in the lush grass, still visible when we sold the old farm several years later.

Occasionally I hear, on some country music program strains of some of these simple old tunes, and how they strike the chords of memory! The shuffle of boots, the swirling of the girls dainty dresses, the deep tones of the boys' voices and the high lilting of the girls' as they stepped and swung and sang, "I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Away we whirled in a lighthearted frenzy of fun!

"Three Old Maids Skating on the Ice" was a favorite with the girls as it gave them a proper and lady-like chance to choose their own partners. When the thin ice broke "and they all fell in," it was their privilege to choose the "Bachelor to help them out."

"Let's All Go Down to Rowsers" was a lively one, and one that always seemed rather daring and bold to us girls, because, why did "we all go down to Rowsers?"

"To get some Lager beer." But the tune was lively and rollicking, and we all knew it was only words. None of us would touch a glass of beer!

"Old Dan Tucker" was a general favorite and was usually repeated several times during an evening as was "Skip To My Lou." "The Girl I Left Behind Me" - the girl whose "eyes were blue and her hair was too", - was another oft-repeated favorite. "Miller Boy" was usually delayed until late in the evening, and even if young feet and voices were tiring, that "free will" by which the mill turned was apt to be a bit slow and dragging.

Of course we didn't dance, but a number of our "play party tunes" were simply square dance calls.

"C

"Cross right over to your opposite lady
And swing her by the right hand
And promenade the girl behind you."

At last weariness and commonsense told us it was time to head for home. Perhaps another glass of sweet cider and a doughnut "for the road," and those who lived nearby were trudging down the dirt road in the pleasant pre-dawn, while we who had farther to go settled in the buggies for the drive home; and if we dozed and nodded, and perhaps dreamed a bit of our young-girl dreams, it was all right. Our horses knew the way home and were content to be headed in that direction.



The trouble with the guy who talks too fast is that he often says something he hasn't thought of yet. Cooperation is doing with a smile what you have to do anyway.

A man is as big as the things that make him angry.

CONTRA DANCE

LEXINGTON REEL

Suggested Music: "Ralph Page Breakdown" an original
tune by Ralph Page



1st, 3rd, 5th etc. couples cross over before dance starts

Allemande left the one below

Active couples only allemande right your partner

Come back and swing the one below (the one you did the

Take that lady and promenade four allemande left)
(promenade over and back)

Same two couples right hand star, left hand star back

Same two ladies chain (over and back)

This dance is an original contra created by Herbie Gaudreau, Holbrook, Mass. who is one of the Grand Masters of Contra Dancing.

SQUARE DANCE

"FARMER'S QUADRILLE"

As called by Don Armstrong on Windsor #7153

Intro: Sides face, grand square

First couple promenade, go all the way around
 They do si do the couple on the right
 Then right and left through across the set
 Then do si do the couple on the right
 Right and left through, go back home
 All four ladies grand chain (over and back)

Second couple repeats the figure

Middle break: Allemande left your corners
 Grand right and left
 Do si do your partner and
 Promenade he home

Third and fourth couples do the figure

Ending: Sides face, grand square.

The 2nd Flaming Leaves Square Dance Festival will take place September 28, 29 & 30, 1973 in the famous Olympic Arena in the center of the Village at Lake Placid, N.Y.

If you like Polish dances you should write to Morley Leyton, 1413 Edgewale Rd. Philadelphia, Pa. 19141 and request his listing of 7-inch extended-play recordings of 28 popular Polish dances.

N. H.

FALL CAMP

at THE INN at EAST HILL FARM, TROY, N.H.

Sept. 4th - Sept. 9th, 1973

WITH

ADA DSIEWANOWSKA

Walloon & Polish Dances

DICK LEGER

Squares

CONNY TAYLOR

General Folk Dances

RAIPH PAGE

Contras & Lancers

RICH CASTNER

Camp Historian

FALL CAMP BEGINS with supper, Tuesday night, Sept. 4th (the day after Labor Day) and continues through lunch Sunday, Sept. 9th.

COST - \$81.00 per person for full session. Includes 3 meals a day, snacks, instruction, parties, full use of all sports facilities, N.H. meal & room tax and crafts with ESTHER SUMPTER. PART TIME - \$20.00 per day per person, only if there are accommodations available after full-time campers have been placed.

REGISTRATION of \$15.00 per person must be made to assure yourself of a place at camp. Send to ADA PAGE, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431. phone 1-603-352-5006.

#####

FOLK DANCE HOUSE is now holding classes three nights a week throughout the summer at the

"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church
630 Second Avenue
Between 34th and 35th Street
N.Y.C.

Do NOT use the Cathedral entrance. There is a separate door in the stone wall, in the middle of the Avenue. THAT IS THE DOOR TO USE.

COME JOIN US FOR THE SAME KIND OF QUALITY FOLK DANCING FOR WHICH FOLK DANCE HOUSE IS FAMOUS. Mary Ann and Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

Tuesdays 6-8 p.m. Early class for Intermediate folk dancing with thorough instruction for those with some experience.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Fast intermediate session rapid teaching and review.

Wednesdays - 6-8 p.m. For real beginners. A fun way to get started in folk dancing. Basic dances taught painlessly - you'll be dancing in no time at all.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Late class. Advanced and practice sessions for those with much experience. Emphasis of style.

Fridays 8:30 - 11 p.m. Light folk dance fun. Easy, intermediate, advanced. A real folk dance "come-all-ye!"

IIIIIIII

WANTED

copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs, Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project ALSO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to

Ralph Page
117 Washington St.
Keene, N.H. 03431

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service now carries full lines of "Dance Israel" LP: also Bert Everett's book - TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for their listings:

185 Spadina Ave. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete information, call him at VO 2 - 7144

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FOLK DANCE

GLOWWORM GAVOTTE

Record: "Glowworm", MacGregor #310 4 meas introduction

Formation: Couples facing CCW, open dance position, inside hands joined. This dance is stately and should be done with style.

The Dance: Starting on outside foot, three light walking steps forward, pointing inside foot on fourth count. Repeat walking steps forward, starting in inside foot, pointing outside. (Note: Pointing foot is the starting foot, each time).

Facing each other (gent has back to center of circle) take grapevine step moving LOD. Directions are for gent, lady uses opposite feet. Step sideward left, back on right and sideward on left, swing right foot across and point. Repeat, moving CLOD, gent beginning with right foot.

Gent's right hand and lady's left hand -'ll still joined, change places with three walking steps, gent starting on left. Point the free foot on fourth count. Lady does left-face turn under man's arm in the crossover.

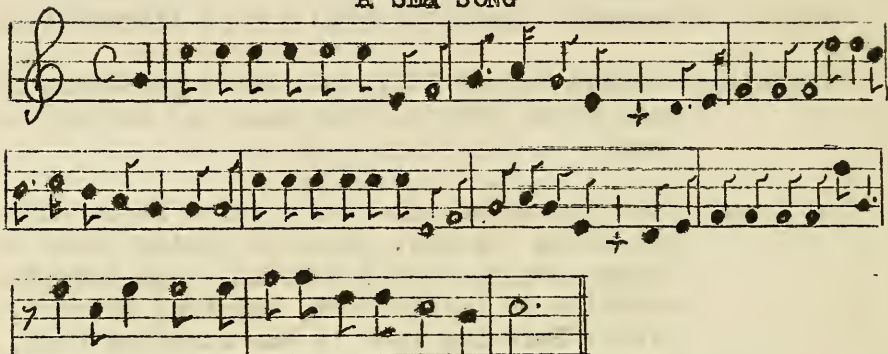
Repeat three walking steps and point, returning to original position, gent starting with right. In closed position, take two two-steps progressing CCW in circle, and turning CW.

Twirl girl and hold for 1 ct. before repeating all of the above.

FOLK SONG

THE GOLDEN VANITY

A SEA SONG



There was a ship that sailed all on the Lowland sea,
 And the name of our ship was The Golden Vanity,
 And we feared she would be taken by the Spanish enemy
 As she sailed in the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
 As she sailed in the Lowland sea.

Then up stepped our cabin boy and boldly out spoke he,
 And he said to our Captain, "What would you give to me,
 If I would swim alongside of the Spanish enemy,
 And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
 And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

"Oh, I would give you silver, and I would give you gold
 And my own fairest daughter your bonny bride shall be,
 If you'll swim alongside of the Spanish enemy
 And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
 And sink her in the Lowland sea."

Then the boy he made him ready and overboard sprang he,
 And he swam alongside of the Spanish enemy,
 And with his brace and auger in her side he bored holes
 And he sank her in the Lowland, Lowland, Low, three
 He sank her in the Lowland sea.

Then quickly he swam back to the cheering of the crew,
But the captain would not heed him, for his promise he
did rue,

And he scorned his poor entreatings when loudly he did
sue,

And left him in the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
And left him in the Lowland sea.

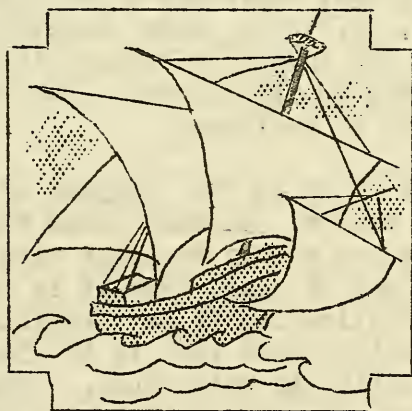
Then round about he turned, and swam to the port side,
And up unto his messmates full bitterly he cried,
"Oh, messmates draw me up, for I'm drifting with the
tide,

And I'm sinking in the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
I'm sinking in the Lowland sea."

Then his messmates drew him up, but on the deck he died,
And they stitched him in his hammock which was so fair
and wide,

And they lowered him overboard and he drifted with the
tide,

And sank into the Lowland, Lowland, Low,
He sank into the Lowland sea.



Wouldn't it be nice to be as sure of anything as some
people are of everything?

A good supervisor, someone once said, is a guy who can
step on your shoes without messing up your shine.

THINK ABOUT IT

by ALAN ROBINSON



Have you ever stopped to think about the meaning of business, trade, commerce? All may be defined by "the exchange of goods for a price." One shop has an item which is needed and can be purchased for a price. Some person gives a service which may be had for a price. You, in turn, may have a business, or give a service, or are employed by a firm producing an item. In any case, it is the exchange of merchandise or service for a price on which the economy of the world is based. But as in all things, there are a few people who have a cheating nature, or, to be more specific, a cheap nature...who want the support of others in their business but who don't want to contribute to the support of others in their line of business.

This leads us up to the subject of "taping" at square and folk dances. In many areas this is becoming quite a problem and should be dealt with now before it gets completely out of hand. True it is that if one has the money and inclination it is possible to purchase equipment so sophisticated that it is almost impossible to know when taping is being done. Usually a square dance caller does not object to having his calls taped provided permission is asked of him before the dance. But there is more to it than gaining permission.

The situation existed several years ago and at that time the recording companies reminded the callers

and the teachers that it was against the law to permit the taping of a program when a commercial record, one that is produced by a company as a commodity to be sold, was reproduced on tape. The caller or teacher permitting the taping is also held liable if action is taken. For a while the callers and teachers complied with this law, but little by little, under pressure from insistent dancers, they have permitted to again be done.



The excuses for taping are many, "we want to practice at home"...."we don't have a record player"... "we want to send it to a friend back east/west" and many, many others. All too often, this tape is used to avoid buying a record and thus cheating the record companies out of their rightful profits. Recently we attended a dance and counted six tape machines on the stage, all of them operating. In no instance was permission asked of anyone to do so; the owners simply came into the hall, stalked to the stage, set up their machines with a new roll of tape, plugged in, turned on the machine- and they were in business! There are those who look upon this kind of practice as stealing.

What so many callers and teachers fail to realize is, they lose potential dancers because these "taping nuts" usually invite friends over to learn from these tapes that they have stolen. We have heard of a round dance class where a person comes in with his tape recorder, sets up and tapes the rounds of the month, with cues, then goes home to hold a class of his own, charging for the service! We were told that he doesn't even pay his admission to the class - he comes only for the taping. If this is not stealing, what do you call it?

Dance teachers are in business for themselves and have thousands of dollars tied up in equipment, spend endless hours in study and practice - they work for the few dollars they get from their classes. The recording companies are our main source of dance material, but they cannot survive and continue to supply us with this service and this merchandise if taping continues to cut them out of their profits. By the same token, neither can the dance teachers continue to conduct their classes if these "do-it-at-home" sports deprive them of students.

People who cheat others are really cheating themselves, for in the long run, the same thing will be done to them. This is the sole bright note in the whole sordid business. Promiscuous taping at dances must - somehow or other - be discouraged. If you want people to support you in your mode of making a living, then in all fairness you, in turn, must support them in their mode of making a living. Think it over.



The best way to forget your own problem is to help some one else solve his.

The most valuable gift you can give another is a good example.

What this country needs is a law to prevent any country from starting a war unless it pays for it in advance. Civilization has reached the point where the footprints left on the sands of time are apt to be tire tracks.

People with tact have less to retract.

The boss at home is the one who controls the thermostat.



BOOK REVIEWS

CREATION IN DANCE AND LIFE. Margaret Morris. 125 pps. Peter Owen, Ltd. 12 Kendrick Place, London SW7, England, 1972. Distributed by Fernhill House Ltd., 303 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Margaret Morris, teacher, choreographer, Physiotherapist, and author develops her own technique of creative dance, and established her own school in 1910. Her most recent book, Creation in Dance and Life, describes among other things her philosophies, approaches, techniques and uses of dance in her school and in the Margaret Morris Movement. Her techniques are reminiscent of the Isadora Duncan "school", and her approaches to choreography seem rather trite when compared to the teachings of various well-known American ballet and modern dance artists. An innovator in her own right and time, she feels that many of her suggestions for creative work are revolutionary. However, these approaches have been used for several decades in dance or movement education in the United States, and have been all but discarded for newer and fresher ideas.

Within the 125 pages of the book, Ms. Morris tries to describe her beliefs and background, basic choreography and improvisation, techniques, movement and art for

the handicapped, as well as for the normal adult and child, and movement notation. At best, the book is sketchy, jumps from subject to subject, and leaves all too many terms and ideas unexplained.

For the reader interested in dance history, various approaches to dance, and dance theory, the book is of some value. As a teaching manual, it is almost worthless for the student or teacher of dance, because it lacks important detail, and cannot compare in material to the sophisticated techniques and approaches to which the American dance student is so often exposed.

Ann Czompo

OKAY, LET'S TRY A CONTRA, MEN ON THE RIGHT, LADIES ON THE LEFT or BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW and other country dances by Dudley Laufman. 37 pp. Published by The Country Dance Society, Inc., New York, N.Y. 1973. No price given. Index. Music. List of tunes. Foreword.

Twenty-seven contras and variants are found in this book. It MUST have been written especially for the English Country Dance Society of America although nothing is said about it. You see, this is the first book of American contra dances written by an American who consistently uses the terms "proper" and "improper" to say whether or not the active couples cross over or stay on their own side. He also consistently uses the term "longways" which only devotees of English Country Dances prefer. Or perhaps Laufman feels that he is going to change the American contra dance world. He also throws in an occasional English term "For as many as will."

I wonder what is meant by the last figure of his dance "Starr Label Reel, or The Darby O'Ghill" when he says "Everyone step in place like the elves in Darby O'Ghill and the Little People." Other figures of the same dance are given a different length of time to perform, than is the accepted rule in this country. Such as: "Do si do partner" - 3 measures; "Turn partner by right

hand once and one half around to the other side" - 3 measures. Really? You don't say! The directions for the dance "The Mistwold" also are confusing: one way you have 28 measures for the dance, and another you have 40. Four dances say they are for five couples; one is for four of five couples, and a variant of "The Mistwold" is for three couples.

There are some excellent tunes given in the book, many of them French-Canadian and the book is worth what ever its price may be for the music alone.

There is something about this book that bethers me; I sense a feeling of smug cuteness which is irritating.

OLD PATHS AND LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND: Katherine M. Abbott. Saunterings over Historic Roads with Glimpses of Picturesque Fields and Old Homesteads in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. G.P. Putnam's Sons 1903 xviii plus 484 pp. Preface; 184 Illustrations; List of Illustrations; Footnotes; Index. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1969. \$13.50.

This is an excellent book and the illustrations alone are worth the price of the book. Katherine Abbott has the faculty of weaving the old legends of the area and interesting chronicles of the seventh and eighteenth centuries into a fascinating narrative. The stories recorded are not the usual run-of-the-mill tales either. For instance, how many students of American history are familiar with the "Paper Money Riot" in Exeter, N.H.? Or that Captain Isaac Davis of Acton, Mass., was the first American to fall at the battle of Concord-Lexington? Dance researchers too, will be delighted with such items as found on page 290: "The house of the learned Francis Bernard...the pride of provincial Boston. Governor Bernard's hall was twenty feet wide and fifty-seven feet long! Quite spacious enough to allow six squares in the minuet, even with the hoops of that day; the dances of the period were tripped to the music of the spinet or flute and viol - Boston's Delight, Love and Oppor

tunity, Soldier's Joy, the College Hornpipe, Merrick's Graces." As well as the account of the brilliant ball at Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Rooms in Newport, R. I. "...The favorite dance of the moment was Stony Point, because of its recent successful storming by General Wayne;...Rochambeau, wearing the Grand Croix del l'Ordre Royal, and his suite took the instruments and played the dance selected by the partner of General Washington, "The Successful Campaign" followed by "Pea Straw" and "I'll be Married in my Old Clothes" and "Boston's Delight" in honor of the guests from that city." A highly readable book and recommended.

OLD PATHS AND LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND BORDER. Katherine M. Abbott. Connecticut, Deerfield, Berkshire. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1907. xvi plus 408 pp. Preface; 166 Illustrations; List of Illustrations; Footnotes; Index. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. \$13.50

This is a companion book of the one reviewed above and they belong side by side in the library of every serious collector of Americana. Arranged by towns, locales and villages, the 23 chapters treat much of the traditional lore of such places as Stockbridge, Saybrook, Lyme, Norwich, Sag Harbor, Shelter Island and Tyringham. Each chapter contains a section listing the chief landmarks and historical episodes. As with the previous book it is worth the price for the old illustrations alone. Many are long gone, victims to "progress".

The last two-thirds of the book is about western Massachusetts, which is a part of New England that is filled with true and interesting folk stories and anecdotes. A well-written book which is difficult to lay down. Highly recommended.

You can trust a person who admits his mistakes. You know that he isn't trying to bluff and that he is sincere in his dealings.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, but most experienced wives would deny that.

IT'S FUN TO HUNT



SCOTCHMEN AND SCOTCH MUSIC

from Hartford (Conn.) Courant, 2/3/1849 - courtesy of
Windy Sayer, Amherst, Mass.

The following instance shows that Scotch-music will make a Scotchman do anything when out of his country:-

A gentleman who was a first rate performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter in Exeter, and of course soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place. During one day with a professor the conversation turned upon Scotch music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music; the Scotchman, whom we shall for the present designate the Fiddler, insisting that when properly played, nothing could exceed it; the professor on the other hand, insisting that it was only fit for a barn yard.

"I'll tell you what," says the fiddler, "I'll lay you a wager of If, that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," said the Professor, "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay you the L5 with pleasure, but will be convinced that it is the most enlivening, pathetic and best music in the world."

The difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity

for a trial. But this was soon obviated by a third party informing that a number of young Scotchmen dined annually at the Old London Hotel, on the anniversary of Burn's birthday. This was a capital opportunity for the fiddler; for these young men being principally rawboned overgrown Scotch lads, who had recently left their own country to carry tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to make a hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secrecy agreed upon, the eventful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came; and the fiddler and professor, by an introduction to one of the party, got an invitation to the dinner. There were twelve altogether sat down, and a right merry party they were. The fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a right musical set, and he waited patiently till they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the Professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.



"Capital, capital," cried the whole party.

The violin was brought and all were in breathless anxiety. The fiddler chose for his first tune, "Here's health to them that's awa," and played it in the most solemn and pathetic manner.

"That's a waefu' tune," said a big raw-boned youth to his next neighbor.

"It is that, Sandy. There's mickle in that tune mon. It reminds me o' ane that's gane." James at the same time giving a deep sigh, and drawing his hand over his long, gaunt face, to hide the tears that trickled

down his cheeks.

The fiddler with his keen eye soon perceived that before he got through the second part of his tune, he would have them all in the same mood. He therefore threw his whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like a distant echo, there was not a dry cheek among the company. Now is the time, thought the fiddler, and without stopping a moment, struck up, in a bold, vigorous style, "Willie brew'd a peck of maut." Out went the handkerchief; away went the tears. "Chorus!" cried the fiddler, and in an instant all struck up -

"For we are nae fou', we're nae that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may draw,
But aye will taste the barley bree."

The song ended, up struck the fiddler in his best style, the reel of "Jenny dang the weaver." "Scotland forever!" cried Jamie, and in an instant, tables chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions, and the whole company dancing and jumping about like madmen.

Out ran the professor, (for he did not know what would come next), up came the landlady with her terrified train of inmates. But none durst enter the room, the hurrahs and thumps on the floor being so boisterous and it was only on the entree of a Scotch traveler, who had just arrived, and who cried to the fiddler to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say that the professor paid his bet cheerfully, and was fully convinced of the effect of Scotch music when properly played, and the landlady took care that the fiddler never came into her house again on Burns' anniversary dinner.



FOR A CHANGE A CHURCH SUPPER

According to legend, New England in summer is divided into two camps, its natives in one and its tourists in the other. And never the twain shall meet - if one believes in those myths about the calculated aloofness of people who live in New England year-round.

Needless to say, there is scant truth to this. New Englanders may display a natural reticence on occasion, but it comes more from a Yankee heritage of spare conversation than any grudge against the invading tourist. But in no other arena, perhaps, is the true spirit of New England friendship and hospitality more evident than at the traditional church supper, where in an atmosphere of informality and relaxed badinage, the local folk provide living proof that New England is NOT merely a picture postcard nor are its natives just quaint ornaments in the scenery.

As in other events of wholly local origin, the scheduling of church suppers is published in newspapers printed up on storefront placards, and occasionally promulgated on a community bulletin board (usually near the post office or town hall). Once you have found your

way, you will be greeted with a hearty welcome, followed by a lively affair richly suffused with communal zeal. One or two ladies may be in charge of certain specific matters, and the minister's wife (often the guiding light of these enterprises) may give general direction, but for the most part the church supper is a manifestation of an old up-country adage: "Many hands make light work."



This is not to say that a visitor will be asked to don an apron and contribute labor to the cause, but neither should he expect to be waited on. The informal working arrangements carry right through to the manner and means by which the meal is served, as well as the variety of Yankee dishes available. A town in proximity to the seacoast may host a clambake, and it's a good bet that baked beans will be available anywhere, anytime. But smorgasbord, that adapted New England phrase for an eclectic menu - i.e. pot luck - is often the rule. This means that the meal is served buffet style usually, thus guaranteeing that dining al fresco on the back lawn of the Congregational Church will not bring you at odds with impudent waiters.

Other advantages of this kind of dining are equally as obvious. The church supper rarely costs more than \$2.00 per person - sometimes less. Dress is informal and families are not shunted off to a special section of the dining room. And for those tourists who have been camping out on the cheap the fare offers a welcome and inexpensive break from the rather limited menu of alcohol-stove cuisine.



More important, though, the tourist and native sit side by side, and breaking bread together, both are sure to find that neither is really a stranger. And just as the vast difference between home-cooked food and the drabness of short-order concoctions is readily apparent, so is the difference between the recalcitrant Yankees of legend and lore and the friendly human being sharing a meal with you.

THANKS TO:

Ruth Bell, two cookbooks
 "Duke" Miller, cook book
 Bill Litchman, square dance anecdote.
 Windy sayer, square dance anecdote

IMPROBABLE THINGS THAT KEEP ON HAPPENING

Swallowing your pride, sweeping a girl off her feet, softsoaping someone, and paying the piper. Blowing your top, being all thumbs, going to the dogs, chasing rainbows, pulling yourself together and giving the devil his due.

Picking a bone with someone, striking while the iron's hot, going at something hammer and tongs and flying off the handle. Weighing your words, having a forked tongue, winning by the skin of your teeth, tearing yourself away, and pinching pennies.

ODDS & ENDS OF FOLKLORE

The Gypsies believe that putting dandelion leaves in salads is good for diseases of the heart and the liver.

Many clansmen in New Guinea believe that polka-dot make up and pig grease enhance their sex appeal.

Ancient Romans worshipped Mercury as the God of Commerce, Banking, Thieves and Orators!



PAINLESS FOLKLORE

FADED PHRASES

He got his ears boxed
 She'd better tend to her knitting.
 He has her cap set for him.
 He's making money hand over fist.
 He's a stick-in-the-mud.
 It's nothing to rave about.
 She's a crosspatch.
 It's a dusie.

TERSE VERSE

My husband is the kind of man
 Who drives me to a rage;
 He can't recall my birthday
 But he always knows my age.

Ask not for whom the bells toll
 Don't get yourself in a stew
 As long as you can hear the clang,
 Relax; they're not for you.

If you want to see an heirloom, start probating a will.

The human brain's the greatest thing,
 That ever man could seek.
 It functions from the time he's born,
 Till he gets up to speak.

MORE FADED PHRASES

She's got a face that would stop a clock.
 They're out on the front stoop smooching.
 I have a hankering for some chow.
 Sneeze kiddo, your brains are dusty.
 Aw, go paddle your own canoe.
 She's skating on thin ice.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Oh fudge | He has a beer belly. |
| I could eat a horse. | He's an old rake. |
| He's nursing a grouch. | It's so much piffle. |
| | It's all cut and dried. |
| | He's got a bee in his bonnet. |
| | He's a Ding-dong Daddy. |

TONGUE TWISTERS

If Sammy Slacker split six slick slim, slender saplings,
 where are the six slick slim slender saplings that Sam
 my Slacker split?

Frank threw Fred three free throws.

Tipsy Trilby tried to tie a tie
 Tidily but not too tightly,
 But tied the tie tightly
 And not too tidily.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When at a church supper, the sign, "Oysters, 50 Cents
 a Couple," made you wonder a bit?
 When you tried to figure out some way of becoming a sub
 scriber to the Police Gazette without the folks knowing
 about it?
 When you smoked Home Run cigarettes?

When if you wanted to give your company a real swell entertainment you rented a graphaphone?

When steel-bowed spectacles were thought to be good enough for most people?

When on rainy days many store fronts would be hung with umbrellas in bunches like bananas?

When street peddlers would draw large crowd of an evening with a magic lantern?

When men's shirts had only three buttons on the front and had to be pulled on over the head?

When it was very classy to have a spotted coach dog trotting along under your carriage?

When with the aid of a night-blooming cereus you might get a lot of publicity?

When you dug dandelions to raise money to go to the May festival?

When some people were so vain they regularly soaked their feet in sweet oil so that they might wear small shoes?

When on the way to Sunday School there were no slot machines to tempt your cent away?

When there were plenty of people who had never eaten a banana?

When a parlor was not a parlor without a whatnot?

When you might legally operate your automobile on the highways without license or registration?

When it was only once in a dog's age that anybody went to college?

When the girls sewed "bones" in their high collars which made sore spots under their ears?

When you wore a steep spring under the collar and lapels of your coat to preserve its trim appearance?

When did you last encounter a dog named - Fido, Bowser, Sport, Lady, or Tiger?

Remember? Really it wasn't so long ago!



NEW ENGLAND

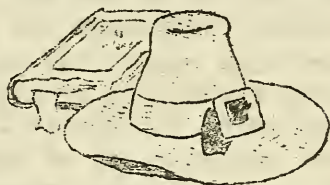
FOLKLORE

We read of the drabness of the Pilgrim's lives, and are too ready to fancy that their clothing reflected this drabness. But the truth is that these early men and women were as fond of bright colors in their garb as we are - the Pilgrim men even more so.

The simplest furnishings are listed in the earliest inventories of their goods. There were household articles of such things as pewter and wood plates, bowls, and cups. There were also earthen platters and dishes. Mrs. Pilgrim saw to it that they should not, for a while, lack sheets, pillow-cases and blankets. Surprisingly, these were all as brightly colored as were the rugs they brought over. The rugs were made of thick woolen material and were not for the floors, but for use as quilts on the beds. Thus, these apparently dull inventories, which to some would appear as mere lists of household items, serve a useful historical purpose: to clear up and destroy the myth that the Pilgrim settlers dressed uniformly in grey, brown and black.

One Plymouth grandma left in her estate a violet petticoat, a red petticoat, three blue aprons, and "blew

stockins." Her neighbor, Elder Brewster, owned a cap of red, a coat of violet, a waistcoat of green, and a white cap. Now shut your eyes and imagine how he looked when arrayed in these! No modern man in this fair land is so arrayed as was Elder Brewster in all his glory. He was inddeed a colorful character in the colonies. There are portraits in color, too, which prove that the early colonists, far from dressing drably, loved bright colors and gay trimmings.



KNITTING & EMBROIDERING

At an early age, both girls and boys were sent to dame-schools, where if girls were not taught much book learning, they were carefully taught the household arts. They learned to cook, and to spin and weave and knit, not only for home-wear but for the shops. Even little children could knit coarse socks for shopkeepers. Fine knitting was well paid for, and was a manner of much pride to the knitter. There were many elaborate and curious stitches. The herringbone and the fox and geese patterns were favorites. The girls and women delighted in doing fine embroidery. The Indians at an early day called the English women "lazier Squaws" when they saw the latter embroidering instead of digging in the fields.

A stitch that was used on many of the embroideries was a curious one also found on ancient Persian embroideries. The designs were also Persian. This stitch was not known in the modern English needlework schools, but just as good-old Elizabethan words and phrases are still used in New England, though obsolete in England, so this curious old stitch had lived in the Colony when lost in the mother country. It may be possible, since it is found so often in the vicinity of Plymouth, that

the Pilgrims got the stitch and design in Holland, whose greater trade with the Orient may have brought the Persian stitch and pattern to Europe and thence to the Pilgrims.

QUEER COLONIAL CURES

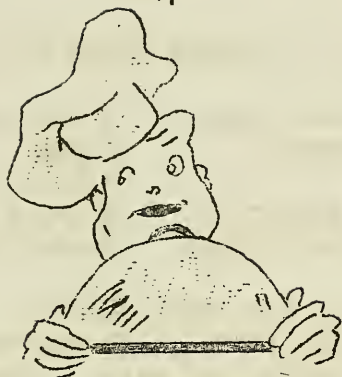
So strange were some of the "cures" resorted to by our early settlers that it is a marvel any who endured them survived them. Of course, no one had heard of germs or microbes, and medical knowledge was still elementary. Everyone had a very high regard for physic. Springtime was synonymous with the taking of large purges of horrible mixtures "to purify the blood" - mixtures of brimstone, rhubarb, and molasses, or of senna. If one was seriously ill, the doctor would resort to leeching or cupping, mercury was given until the patient's teeth became loose. If one had a burning fever, he was denied all water and to relieve his thirst he was offered salt clam juice.

A favorite method of relieving one from the miseries of toothache was to have the tooth jerked out forcibly by the sudden fall of a ten-pound weight tied to it - or the pain might be ended by pressing quicklime into the cavity.

Persons who died in old age were said to have died "of a hectic (constitutional) decay." Records show also that some deaths were attributed to "the numb palsie; a dropsical consumption; of the quincy; of a carking humour about the throat; of a putrid fever; of a canker rash; of a perizeneumony; of a stoppage by eating fever; of a carbuncle; of a cramp in her stomach; of a mortification."

In spite of these peculiar afflictions and doctor's nostrums, the people were pretty hardy and many lived to ripe old age.





GOOD FOOD

CHOCOLATE CRANBERRY CAKE

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 6 tbsp butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar firmly | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder |
| 1 tsp orange ext. packed | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp baking soda |
| 3 eggs | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light rum or sherry |
| 1 6-oz pkg chocolate bits melted | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour, sifted | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups fresh cranberries, cut in halves | |
| 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts | |

Cream butter; add sugar and extract; beat until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in melted chocolate. Combine flour, salt, baking powder and soda. Add to creamed mixture alternately with rum. Stir in raisins, cranberries and nuts. Turn into greased and floured 9-inch tube angel food cake pan. Bake in 350 degree preheated oven for 45 to 50 minutes, or until done. Cool in pan for 5 minutes, then turn out on rack to cool. Store, wrapped airtight in refrigerator, or freeze, if desired.

A teaspoon of crushed caraway seeds whipped in with eggs before scrambling gives them an exotic flavor. Top sweet potatoes with a dash of cinnamon for an unusual taste.

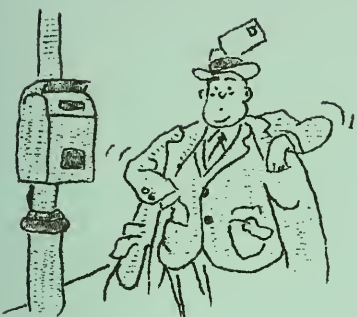
BOSTON CREAM PIE

| | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1 cup granulated sugar |
| 3 tsps baking powder | 1 egg |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk |
| 4 tbsp ($\frac{1}{2}$ bar) butter at room temperature | 1 tsp vanilla Confectioner's sugar |

Butter copiously two round 8-inch layer-cake tins and dust lightly with flour. Sift together three times the flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream the butter and gradually add the granulated sugar. When the mixture is light and fluffy, add the unbeaten egg and beat well. Add the flour alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla and place in the cake tins, dividing the batter equally. Bake in pre-heated oven (350 F - 375 F) for about 25 to 30 minutes, or until the cake is lightly browned on top. Turn out onto cake racks to cool. In the meantime make this filling:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour | 2 whole eggs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar | 2 cups milk, scalded |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsps butter |
| 1 tsp vanilla | |

Mix together with flour, sugar and salt. Beat the eggs lightly and stir into the dry ingredients. Add slowly, stirring constantly, the scalded milk, making a smooth paste. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until the mixture is smooth and thick, or for about 5 minutes, then continue cooking for another 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and cool partially before stirring in the butter. Add the vanilla and allow the mixture to stand until cold, stirring occasionally. Split the 2 cake layers, making 4, and put them together with the custard filling on a large round dessert platter. Sprinkle copiously with confectioner's sugar and serve in six generous wedge-shaped pieces. A chocolate icing may be substituted for the topping of confectioner's sugar. Either way makes a delicious dessert.



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